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ULTIMATE X-MEN

ISSUE

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WORLD TOUR: PART 4



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ULTIMATE

X-MEN



From
Kline
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Professor X



Cyclops



Marvel Girl



Storm



Wolverine



Iceman



Beast



Colossus

PREVIOUSLY IN ULTIMATE X-MEN:

Professor Charles Xavier brought them together to bridge the gap between man and mutant: Cyclops, Marvel Girl, Storm, Iceman, Beast, Colossus, Wolverine. They are the X-Men, soldiers for Xavier's dream of peaceful coexistence. But now this dream must slowly be forged into reality.

In Russia, try as they might, Marvel Girl and Cyclops have been unable to convince Colossus to rejoin the X-Men. Peter makes it abundantly clear to them that he would prefer to live a quiet, normal life with his family rather than be a mutant outcast and reluctant hero. However, when a Russian K-14 submarine sinks, Peter is forced to decide whether his peace of mind is worth more than the lives of the trapped Russian sailors, who only he can rescue in time. Colossus springs into action and raises the sub, saving the lives of all the men aboard and proving to the world that he is indeed a hero.

Meanwhile, the rest of the X-Men travel to Berlin in pursuit of Proteus, Xavier's mutant son. They must locate and stop him before he can use his reality-warping powers to cause any more death and destruction. Unbeknownst to the rest of the team, Professor X has discovered that Proteus has used his psychic powers to transfer his mind into the body of S.T.R.I.K.E. agent Betsy Braddock!



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ULTIMATE X-MEN

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Berlin:

Do you ever wonder if the Professor screws around with our *minds* sometimes?

X-MEN:

What do you mean by *that*, Storm?

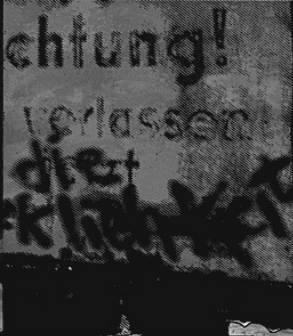
Well, look at *me*, for instance-- I'm a nasty, little witch with a *prison record* and yet here I am en route to the airport to give Colossus a great, big hug for coming back to the team.

I'm sorry, guys, but that just ain't *me*. Likewise, all this going up against *impossible odds* and chasing bad guys like the Professor's evil mutant son we're supposed to be hunting.

And yet I've never been more committed to anything in my *entire life*. What does *that* say to you, boys?

Do you think he's manipulating our *thoughts* and stuff like he does to keep *Magneto* in check?

Nah, no way.



WORLD TOUR PART 4





What does
it look like,
Wolverine?

The reason
Iceman's got
the jitters.



Betsey's
body, Beast.
My mind.

It's funny to think
I was curled up in your
telepathic pal and sitting
right *next* to you while
you clowns were running
around Europe trying
to find me.



You wouldn't
believe how hard it
was not to just
burst out laughing
or something.

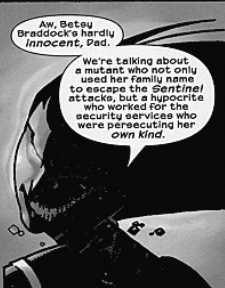


Is that what
makes you laugh,
David? Murdering
innocent girls?



Aw, Betsey
Braddock's hardly
innocent, Dad.

We're talking about
a mutant who not only
used her family name
to escape the *Sentinel*
attacks, but a hypocrite
who worked for the
security services who
were persecuting her
own kind.



Besides, this tasty, wee
body of hers had a tumor
in its breast she didn't
even *know* about, so it's
not like she was going to
live forever *anyway*.





Oh, for God's sake,
David. That's a *human*
being you're talking
about, you *degenerate*.
When are you going to
stop this *disgusting*
behavior?



When am
I going to
stop?



How about when
I'd see you kill all
these X-Men he was
training when he should
have been spending
time with us.
Mum?

Does that
sound like a
plan?



Okay, family
therapy's over!
Everybody out of
the car!

No way,
man! I'm
staying where
I am!



I SAID
OUT OF THE
FREAKIN' CAR,
BUB!





C'mon, Dad. I might be using Peter Braddock's powers to keep you out of my head, but you can still talk to your X-Men telepathically.

Tell them to put up a fight.

X-Men, this is Xavier. Regardless of what he's saying, David's still a novice with these reality-warping powers and our situation isn't as desperate as it looks.

Beast-- you're fronting the assault. Iceman and Storm-- I want a power combination like we practiced in class for the nine or ten minutes Wolverine needs to recover.

Suits me, folks. Just let me get a few seconds on my own with this cretin before you follow through with the ice-storm, okay?

What are you waiting for, Iceman? Ice up!

I CAN'T! I mean, I'm trying, but it's just not working! It's like my body doesn't wanna put me in a situation where it knows I'm gonna die or something!

What do we do now, Storm?



You get your act together and back me up, Bobby! We don't have time for performance anxiety here!



HENRY J. MCCOY



Will you stop horsing around with that David Xavier and finish getting ready for the Prom? Your dates aren't going to sit around waiting forever, you know.



No offense, Mrs. McCoy, but Cindi and I would sit here till the cows came home for a date with the two hottest guys in school. Right, Cindi?

What in pity's name have you done here, David?

Oh, just given reality a nudge to show you what life could be like back home once I've got rid of all Dad's stupid X-Men garbage, Henry...

A world where your parents aren't drunks, where you can go to the Prom like all the other kids, and the girls aren't drawing funny pictures of you behind your back.

I could take that blue fur away in a second, Henry. With a click of my fingers, I could have you looking like Brad Pitt.

Just kill the others and nobody calls you Beast again, man. I'll even finish off the ones outside if you take care of the three amigos on that Luthanaa flight back from Russia.

Are you insane? Why would I want to hurt my friends for something that isn't even real?

Real like your relationship with Storm?

Grow up, Henry-boy! Dad's got her hypnotized and starry-eyed just to keep you hanging around the school, big man. Isn't it obvious?

At least my offer means you don't have to go through life as one of the dozen ugliest people on the planet.

Drop dead, you lying piece of trash.

I'd like to say you just made a big mistake there, Beast...

...but the truth is...

...I was just going to kill you anyway.

Iceman, if you're not going to help, at least get out of the way and let me have a clear run at this.



Not right now, Storm. I've just spotted the plane you were going to meet and I'm busy speed-reading the minds of Colossus, Cyclops and Marvel Girl.

Did you know Colossus left the team because he had a problem with Dad's hippie-trippie pacifist agenda just like you have sometimes?

Jean! What's happening?

We're under attack, Scott! Hold my hand! I'm trying to throw a Force Field around the plane!

And I'm picking it apart faster than you're building it, Jean.

You're not a sad wee psychic, by the way. Shame your fancy powers never warned you about getting on a plane that was going to end up in chunks over the bloody Reichstag.







Iceman, why are you holding back like this when the others need your help? For God's sake, give them a hand, boy!



I can't, Professor. I keep trying to ice-up, but my powers just aren't working.

You're scared, Bobby. We all are. Even Wolverine's legs are shaking over there, but something's wrong with David's powers right now and we've got to make the most of it.



Stop hassling me, man! If this guy's so easy to beat all of a sudden, why don't you close him down?



I would if I could, but that's still Betsy's body he's inside and I can't penetrate her psychic defenses.

You, on the other hand, are one of the three most powerful individuals on the team, Iceman.



Hey, loser!

Are you really going to stand there gaping while that wayward son of mine murders Ororo Munroe?



**HANDS
OFF THE
HOTTIE!**



ICEMAN!!

Was that a
joke or was he
really trying to
be scary
there?

You know, I wish
you would have worried
about me the way you
worry about all these
wee mutants of yours,
Dad.

Would it make a
difference now that
I've got powers too?
Could I start calling
myself something cool like
Proteus and maybe get
a trial for that secret
New York school
of yours?

Where have
you taken us,
David?

Paris, of course. Your next scheduled stop after London before I rudely interrupted that crappy international book tour you were doing.

Don't you recognize Notre Dame? The Arc de Triomphe? A million smelly students reading Marcel Proust by a fountain in The Tuilleries?

God, I really hate the French, don't you?

DAVID!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

DOOM!

Killing dozens and dozens of innocent people, Dad. But that's just me getting started.

Madrid was your next stop, right? Didn't the Spanish Science Fiction Society want you to speak at the Panaderia Hotel in Juan Ponce de Leon's Plaza Mayor?

David, please! For God's sake...

Well, the big talk's off, Paddio.

DOOM!

Rome was up next, right? What were you planning to do here, Dad? Take in Saint Peter's and the Colosseum? Camidoglio like last time?

Drag The X-Men around all those rotten museums and galleries you used to bore me with on those great big summer breaks?

DOOM!

Aw, but the Sydney and Melbourne dates were the ones you were really looking forward to, weren't they?

With over ten million hits from Australia on your webpage, you just couldn't wait to see how many people showed up to get their little books signed.

DOOM!

DOOM!



Five hundred dead here, Dad. No, let's make it an even thousand so it looks good in the morning papers, eh?

Are you starting to see what I'm doing yet, big man? I've finally figured out what all this is about.

You're destroying everything I've ever worked for, David.

That's right, Dad. In less than five minutes, I've linked you and me to more deaths than The Brotherhood. Let's see them listen to your message after this stuff, eh?

Weird. I wanted us to go to New York too, but I'm having trouble bending space in that direction for some reason.

Still, Berlin's the important one, I suppose. This is where Glasgow Rangers were playing Borussia Dortmund on our last big family holiday, right?

Do you remember why I was crying at that football match, Dad, even when Rangers equalized? Do you remember why I said I'd never talk to you again?

Because you had your eyes closed for the entire game, Dad.

You were talking telepathically to Magneto for the entire ninety minutes and I knew, right then and there, that I didn't have a father anymore.

For the love of
God, somebody
help him!

They can't get
through my force-
field. Mum. Nothing
can. I know you think
you don't want me to
do this but, believe
me, you'll enjoy Dad's
head exploding just
as much as I will.

Over my
dead body,
dirt-bag.

What?

you heard me. I've
been jamming your
powers, short-circuiting
your brain, and now I'm
closing you down for
good, you horrible,
little man.

Betsy?

No! Get out of
my head, Braddock!
I'm the one in charge
here! I'm the one
who's making the
decisions!

...you're
the one
trapped in
here with
me.

Betsy, listen to me!
If you can access his
powers, make him
undo all those
terrible things he
just did! You've got
to try and bring all
those people back
to life!

No time,
Professor.

Not when you're
squattin' in the mind
of the most powerful
telepath in England,
chum. You see, I'm not
the one trapped in here
with you anymore, David...



He's kicking and screaming for all he's worth in here. Even hitting him with everything I've got, I can only tune him out for a minute at the most. The rest is up to you, sir.



What do you mean?



What do you think I mean? Bloodclot to the brain; telekinetically-induced heart attack. Just do whatever it takes to put your son in the ground, Professor.



You want me to kill you?



And here's where the plan goes to pieces, you English witch. You forgot you were dealing with Pudley-bloody-Po-right here, didn't you?



Stop wasting time, Charles! **JUST KILL HIM!**

No, there must be another way, Moira. I refuse to accept that...that... barbarism is the only solution to the problem at hand.



Professor, please. You're never going to get another chance like this! I can't hold him back much longer...



Oh, God. I'm sorry, Betsy. I'm so very, very sorry, but--



JUST SHUT UP AND KILL ME, YOU STUPID, BLOODY WEAKLING!!!



My
pleasure.



DAVILIDOO!!



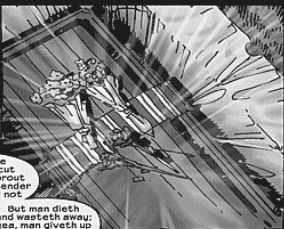
8 Muir Island, Scotland:



Men that is
born of a woman is
of few days and full
of trouble. He cometh
forth like a flower, and
is cut down; he fleeth
also as a shadow,
and continueth
not.



Seeing his days are
determined, the number
of his months is with Thee;
Thou hast appointed his
bounds that he cannot
pass; turn from him that
he may rest, till he shall
accomplish his day.



For there is hope
of a tree, if it be cut
down, that it will sprout
again, and that the tender
branch thereof will not
cease.

But man dieth
and wasteth away;
yea, man giveth up
the ghost, and
where is he?



As the waters hail
from the sea, and the
flood decayeth and
drieth up, so man lieth
down, and riseth not
till the heavens be
no more.

Did you
talk to
Betsey's
father?

Lord Braddock? He introduced
himself back at the church, Charles. Told me
how sorry he was to hear about David and
gave me a little *prayer card* he thought
I might find comforting.

What kind of men
files eight hundred
miles to pay his respects
to the people who
basically murdered
his daughter?

An exceptional one,
I suppose. He told me
he's woken up expecting
that call every single
day since Betsey joined
the intelligence
services.

I don't think I could do
the same if the situation
was reversed. I'm not
even sure I'll be able to
show my face at this
service they're having
for her at Westminster
Cathedral.

it's strange,
isn't it? None of
the students even
know what to say
to me right now.

I mean, they'll go
off and fight *Magneto*
at the drop of a hat,
but everyone except
Wolverine is afraid to
catch my eye at
the moment.

It's times like this
I realize how young
they really are and
what a horrible, ugly
mess I've made of
things, Moira.

What?



Who said
you've made
a *mess* of
things?

Oh, come on.
David *dead*, the
Braddock girl lying
on a *mortuary slab*,
poor little Bobby
Drake fighting for his
life in an *intensive*
care unit...

His parents are
taking him out of the
school and suing me for
willful neglect. They've
told the press I'm a
danger to *children*
and I'm not sure
I *disagree*.

How can I run a school to
shape young minds when I
couldn't even *raise David*
properly? What kind of
monster can't even cry at
his own son's *funeral*,
for God's sake?

You
are not a
monster,
Charles.

No, I'm
careless and
naïve and, frankly,
that makes me even
more dangerous
these days.



NEXT:
RESIGNATION